

DELL
Exciting
Adventure

NOV. 1, 1939

NOV. - DEC.

Still 10¢

Tombstone Territory

Clay Hollister
traps desperate
gunmen
with an old printer's
ink-smudged clue!

Pat Conway



Tombstone Territory



PRINTER'S JUSTICE



Sheriff Clay Hollister arrives in time to help a printer hold off a mob seeking vengeance against a newcomer in Tombstone.



When the printer is assaulted and left for dead, Clay has to work fast, following a single clue which leads to the attackers.

THE GUNMAN



A killer's bullet misses its mark and embeds itself in the wall between Sheriff Hollister and his friend, Mr. Claibourne.



Having no idea which of them it was meant for, they play a dangerous game to keep alive until the gunman can be exposed.

Tombstone Territory PRINTER'S JUSTICE

ONE OF TOMMY, AN EAGER OLD
HOLLISTER, AND HARRY CARPENTER,
EDITOR OF THE "TOMBSTONE TERRITORY"
RETURN TO TOMMY WITH A VISIT TO
A BANCHEER FRIEND.

WE
WANT
OUR
MONEY
BACK!

WE WAITED LONG
ENOUGH, CARNEY!

I SAY WE OUSHTA
TAR AN' FEATHER HIM!

YOU FOLKS GO
ON HOME! I'M NOT
SAYIN' MR. CARNEY
IS RIGHT OR WRONG
...BUT THERE'LL
BE NO TROUBLE
HERE!



LOOKS LIKE THAT
OLD PRINTER FELLA
YOU HIRED HAS GOT
HIMSELF IN A PASSLE
OF TROUBLE!

EZRA'S ONLY
TRYING TO HOLD
THEM BACK...IT'S
CARNEY THAT
HAS THE TROUBLE!

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS
...THAT'S ENOUGH!

SHERIFF, YOU GOTTA DO
SOMETHING! CARNEY'S
TRYING TO SWINDLE US!



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SHERIFF, BELIEVE ME, THESE
FOLKS HAVE GOTTEN THEIR
DANDER UP OVER NOTHING!
I TOLD THEM IT JUST TAKES
TIME...

WE PUT MONEY INTO THAT
MINE OF HIS AND WE HAVEN'T
SEEN ANY SILVER YET!

I TOLD YOU ALL ONCE...
I'VE ORDERED ALL THE
EQUIPMENT FROM THE
EAST! IT SHOULD ARRIVE
ANY DAY NOW! YOU JUST
HAVE TO BE PATIENT....



YOU HEAR MR. CARNEY
... SO ON NOW ... IF YOU
HAVE ANY LEGITIMATE
PROOF OF SWindle,
COME TO ME!

WE'LL GO... BUT
IT BETTER HAPPEN
SOON, CARNEY...
WE'RE GETTIN'
TIRED OF
WAITING!



THANKS, SHERIFF...
FOR A MINUTE THERE
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
THEY'D DO!

IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE,
MR. CARNEY... THOSE
PEOPLE WORKED
HARD FOR THEIR
SAVINGS...



I SURE HOPE THIS MINE OF
YOURS DOES PAY OFF... I'D
HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT
HAPPEN IF YOU WEREN'T
TELLING THE TRUTH!



DON'T YOU WORRY, SHERIFF...
MY MONEY'S TIED UP IN THAT
MINE, TOO! EVERY PENNY I
HAVE IS RIDIN' ON THE
SILVER KING MINE!



HOW'D YOU GET
MIXED UP IN ALL
THIS, EZRA?

TRUBLE JUST SEEMS
TO FOLLOW ME AROUND,
MR. CLAIRBOURNE...



MR. CARNEY CAME IN HERE TO
PUT AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE
PAPER... WHEN HE STARTED TO
LEAVE, ALL THOSE FOLKS WERE
SUDDENLY HOLLERIN' OUTSIDE...
'YELLIN' FOR HIS SCALP!



TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'M NOT
SO GOSHAWED FOND OF THAT
MAN MYSELF... BUT I SURE
DON'T LIKE TO SEE *ANYONE*
PICKED ON BY A *MOSH* OF
FOLKS!

AN
ADVERTISEMENT,
DID YOU SAY?



IT'S RIGHT HERE... HE'S TRYIN' TO GET
MORE FUNDS FOR THAT SILVER MINE OF
HIS! BELIEVE ME, I WOULDN'T PUT A
NICKEL IN THAT FOOL SCHEME!

DON'T BELIEVE HIM, EH?



I'M NOT SURE... BUT 'INVESTIN' MONEY
IN SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW
ANYTHIN' ABOUT JUST DOESN'T
SEEM LIKE GOOD SENSE!

YOU'RE A
WISE MAN,
EZRA...



YOU HIR'D YOURSELF
A GOOD MAN, HARRIS...
I'D THINK TWICE BEFORE
I'D LET EZRA GO!

HE'D HAVE TO
GUT, CLAY...
I'D BE FOOLISH TO
FIRE THE BEST
PONTIER IN THE
TERRITORY!





DOESN'T FIGURE, DOES IT?
A MAN WHO HAS ALL THAT
MONEY TIED UP IN A MINE...
AND HE SPENDS HIS TIME
GAMBLING!

I HOPE IT'S
HIS *OWN*
MONEY HE'S
PLAYING
WITH...

I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE
ON HIM FROM NOW ON... IF
THAT EQUIPMENT OF HIS
DOESN'T ARRIVE WITHIN A
DAY OR SO, I'LL HAVE TO
FORCE HIM TO PAY THE
INVESTORS BACK!

YOU DOUBT
HIM, TOO?



I DON'T HAVE ANY PROOF
HARRIS... BUT I'M WORRIED
ABOUT TROUBLE! IF THE
CITIZENS OF THIS TOWN
DECIDED TO TAKE THE LAW
IN THEIR OWN HANDS, IT
WOULD ALMOST BE
IMPOSSIBLE TO
STOP THEM!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

I'M CLEAN, BOYS...
I'LL HAVE TO CHECK OUT!

ME, TOO... ANYWAY, IT'S
GETTIN' KIND OF LATE!



AFTER THE OTHERS LEAVE, CARNEY MEETS
JOE PLATT AND BILLY IN THE BACK ROOM...

OUR LUCK WAS
TERRIBLE TONIGHT,
JOE!

SORRY, CARNEY...
BETTER LUCK
NEXT TIME!

LOOK, JOE... WE'RE IN TROUBLE!
WE'VE LOST EVERY NICKEL OF THAT
MONEY THE PEOPLE PUT UP FOR
THE MINE!

WE'LL GET IT BACK...





THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY... I'M THE ONE WHO'S BEEN FINANCING THIS GAME... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE MAN WHO CAN'T **LOSE** AT CARDS!

I'VE JUST HAD A BAD STREAK... IT'LL GET BETTER NEXT TIME!



IF I DON'T GET HOLD OF MORE FUNDS, THERE WON'T BE A NEXT TIME!

QUIT WORRYING...



YOU'VE STALLED EVERYONE ALONG TILL NOW... JUST KEEP DOING IT UNTIL OUR LUCK CHANGES!

MAYBE THAT MINE OF YOURS WILL PAY OFF, MR. CARNEY!



HA! HA! WHERE YOU BEEN, BILLY, UNDER A ROCK? THAT MINE OF CARNEY'S IS NOTHING BUT SOLID DIRT!

AND IF ANYONE FINDS OUT, THEY'LL BE BURYING ME UNDER IT!



GET SOME SLEEP, CARNEY... THINGS WILL LOOK UP... TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY!

YOU'RE A GREAT PHILOSOPHER, JOE... PARTICULARLY WHEN IT'S MY NECK THEY'RE AFTER!



CARNEY CROSSES THE STREET TO HIS OFFICE...

NOW WHO COULD BE WANTING TO SEE ME AT THIS TIME OF THE NIGHT?

BRASBY!
WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE?
I THOUGHT...

I GOT BAD NEWS FOR
YOU, CARNEY...
REAL BAD!



REMEMBER
EDDIE
KILMER?

HOW COULD I FORGET HIM?
WHEN HE WORKED FOR ME, HE
CAUSED ME PLenty OF TROUBLE!



HE'S **STILL** TROUBLE....
ONLY THIS TIME YOU CAN'T
DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



HE KNEW ALL ABOUT THIS SCHEME
OF YOURS BEFORE HE LEFT TOWN....
HE WAS SCARED BECAUSE YOU
THREATENED TO KILL HIM IF
HE OPENED HIS MOUTH!

SOT



SO NOW HE'S **SAFE** IN SAN FRANCISCO, AND
HE'S SENDING A LETTER TO HARRIS
CLAIBOURNE! A LETTER WITH
DOCUMENTED PROOF THAT YOUR
MINE IS A PHONY!



WHAT??? FRIEND OF MINE SAW HIM
JUST TWO WEEKS AGO...THAT
LETTER MUST BE ON THE
WAY NOW! MAYBE CLAIBOURNE
ALREADY HAS IT!



HE WOULD'VE SAID SOMETHING
TODAY IF HE KNEW ABOUT THIS!
THERE'S STILL TIME TO STOP
HIM FROM GETTING IT!

HOW'RE YOU
GOING TO DO
THAT?

TOMORROW'S STAGE IS
BRINGING THE LAST MAIL.
THIS WEEK... IT'LL
PROBABLY BE COMING
IN ON THAT!

YOU WANT
ANY HELP?

NO... THIS IS ONE JOB JOE PLATT
CAN TAKE CARE OF... IT'S TIME HE
DID ~~AN~~ SHARE!

CARNEY TELLS PLATT WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

SURE, CARNEY... DON'T
WORRY ABOUT A THING!
BILLY AN' ME CAN TAKE
CARE OF IT!

MAKE ~~JEAN~~ YOU DO! IF
CLAIBOURNE GETS THAT
LETTER, WE'RE ALL IN
SOON TROUBLE!

THE NEXT
DAY THE
TWO MEN
WAIT THE
MORNING
STAGE...

LET'S GET THAT
MAIL, BILLY!



THE MAIL STILL HAS TO BE
DELIVERED... WE'VE GOT
TO STOP IT ANOTHER WAY!



**AS JOE AND BILLY HEAD FOR
THE "TOMBSTONE EPIGRAPH..."**





AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE SHTAPH OFFICE...



I'LL GET HIM OUTSIDE...
YOU WON'T HAVE MUCH
TIME...MOVE FAST...



JOE ENTERS THE OFFICE...

YOU MR. CLAIBOURNE'S
PRINTER?

THAT'S RIGHT!



WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME?
LIKE TO ASK YOU ABOUT PRINTIN'
UP SOME STATIONERY....

SURE
THING!



YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN THE STREET...
THERE'S SOME PAPER IN THE WINDOW OF
THE GENERAL STORE...
I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE IT
...MAYBE YOU CAN GET
ME SOMETHIN' JUST
LIKE IT!

I GUESS IT'LL BE
ALL RIGHT IF I
LEAVE THE OFFICE
FOR A MINUTE...



AS THEY MOVE OUT, BILLY
GOES INTO ACTION...

GOT TO FIND
THAT LETTER
FAST!



SHOULD BE HERE SOMEPLACE...
UNLESS THE OLD MAN PUT IT IN
HIS POCKET!



A FEW DOORS DOWN...

THAT STUFF
RIGHT THERE...

SURE DON'T SEE WHY
WE CAN'T ORDER IT FOR
YOU!



I BETTER
GET BACK
NOW...

WHAT'S THE HURRY?
DON'T YOU WANT TO ASK
THE STOREKEEPER WHERE
HE GOT THAT PAPER?



ALREADY KNOW!...
HE BOUGHT IT FROM
MR. CLAIRBOURNE!



HEY, WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?

I CAN'T FIND
IT, JOE!



SOMETHIN'S GOIN'
ON HERE, AND I...

STAY WHERE YOU
ARE!



THE REGISTERED
LETTER...
WHERE IS IT?

SO THAT'S IT... THIS
WHOLE THING'S BEEN
A STALL, SO YOU COULD
COME SNOOPIN' AROUND
HERE...





BUT AS EZRA PULLS OUT THE GUN...



BUT INSIDE THE EPITAPH OFFICE A SECOND LATER...

GOT TO... GOT TO
TELL SOMEONE...I...



THE WOUNDED MAN REACHES
FOR A BOTTLE OF INK...



AND STARTS TO SCRIBBLE A
MESSAGE WITH HIS FINGER...



BUT THE MESSAGE IS NEVER FINISHED...



A SHORT TIME LATER...

I'M SORRY, HARRIS... I
... I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL
ABOUT EZRA BEING SHOT...
AND WE'LL FIND THE ONE
WHO DID IT!

IF ONLY I'D
BEEN HERE...
I MIGHT HAVE
STOPPED IT!



IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT...
IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED
TO ANYONE... EVEN YOU!

BUT WHY? WHAT POSSIBLE
REASON...?





MEANWHILE...





BUT ALONG THE STREET...

WE'RE TOO LATE!

LOOKS LIKE HE
CLEARED OUT
FAST!



BACK ON THE STREET OF TOMBSTONE...

YOU SEE
CARNEY?

YEAH... MINUTE OR SO AGO...
WALKIN' TOWARD THE STABLE.



BETTER STAY BACK,
HARRIS! THIS IS
MY JOB!

EIRA WAS SHOT
PROTECTING THAT
LETTER, CLAY...
IT'S MY JOB, TOO!



AT THE STABLE...

LET'S RIDE FAST,
BOYS! WE...



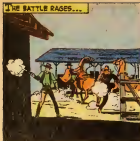
IT'S HOLLISTER!



BLAM!



THE BATTLE RAGES...



OOOOHWW!
MY SHOULDER...



MY GUN'S
EMPTY...
DON'T SHOOT!
I GIVE UP!



CARNEY TRIES TO FLEE...

NO, YOU DON'T!



SWINDLE... ROBBERY... FLIGHT TO
ESCAPE PROSECUTION... AND
ATTEMPTED MURDER... QUITE
A LIST! ANY ONE
OR ALL OF THEM
WILL PUT THESE
THREE AWAY
FOR LIFE!

BRAVE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS, BUT BEFORE HE
PASSED OUT, HE HAD TIME TO WRITE ENOUGH OF
A CLUE SO WE COULD STOP YOU VULTURES! KIND
OF *PRINCE'S JUSTICE*, I'D SAY!



Tombstone Territory The GUNMAN

LATE ONE NIGHT, IN THE OFFICE OF THE TOMBSTONE EPYTAPH...



LOOK OUT, HARRIS!



THERE HE GOES!



WATCH YOURSELF, CLAY!

YOU DO THE SAME... HEAD OVER TO FREMONT STREET! MAYBE WE CAN CUT HIM OFF!



CLAY AND HARRIS MOVE SHIFTLY TO TRY AND TRAP THE GUNMAN...



BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

SEE ANYTHING?

NOPE! HE DISAPPEARED!



CLAY STARTS DOWN ALLEN STREET TOWARD HIS OFFICE WHEN SUDDENLY...



CLAY RACES TO THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING AND FINDS THE HOTEL CLERK ALREADY THERE...



WHAM! HE WAS CARRYIN' A .44! AND FRESH FIRED!

YOU KNOW WHO HE IS, SHERIFF?



YES...YALE MADE...A WILD KILLER! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE WAS DISAPPOINTED ABOUT THE JOE HE LIVED. ENGLISH TONIGHT!

I... DON'T FOLLOW YOU, SHERIFF...?



I KNOW, AMOS! DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! GO ON BACK TO YOUR DESK! I'LL NOTIFY THE CORONER!



YOU'D BETTER KEEP HIM ON CALL, SHERIFF... BECAUSE YOU'LL BE NEEDING HIM AGAIN VERY SOONLY!





THE NEXT MORNING...

MORNIN', MR. FLETCHER! HOPE THE COMMOTION DIDN'T BOTHER YOU TOO MUCH LAST NIGHT!

COMMOTION? I'M AROUND I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE IN THE EDITION: DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE SHOOTIN'? IT WAS ALMOST OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW!

NO, I DIDN'T! ACTUALLY, I'M A VERY SOUND SLEEPER!

YOU SURE MUST BE! IT HEAR (GROG) THE BUILDING!

A LUCKY THING! DON'T LEAD IT... I MORE THAN LIKELY WOULD HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED!



LATER THAT MORNING...

GOOD MORNING, MY FRIEND! DO YOU BRING GOOD NEWS OR JUST ANOTHER OVERDUE BILL?

HEWE, HARRIS! I JUST GOT A FULL REPORT FROM THE CORONER!

TAKE A LOOK! HE SAYS HARRIS WAS KILLED BY A SHOT FIRED FROM AN ANGLE ABOVE HIM!

ABOVE HIM? YOU MEAN SOMEONE WAS UP ON THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL?



EITHER THAT, OR
AM I ONE OF THE
HOTEL ROOMS!

A POSSIBILITY, I
GUESS! WHERE DO
YOU GO FROM HERE?



TO THE HOTEL! I
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
LIKE TO JOIN ME!

SEEMS AS HOW I
MIGHT BE THE INTENDED
VICTIM OF THIS PLOT,
I ACCEPT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AMOS... WE'D LIKE TO TAKE A
LOOK AT YOUR UPSTAIRS ROOMS
ON THE ALLEY SIDE!

CERTAINLY YOU DON'T
BELIEVE ANY OF THE
HOTEL GUESTS HAD
ANYTHING TO DO WITH
WHAT HAPPENED, DO
YOU, SHERIFF?



WHY NOT, AMOS?
IS THERE SOME-
THING SPECIAL
ABOUT YOUR
TENANTS?

WELL... WE LIKE
TO THINK SO!
FINE-OUTSTANDING
CITIZENS!



SEEMS TO ME DOE' HOLLIDAY
USED TO PUT UP HERE,
DIDN'T HE, AMOS?

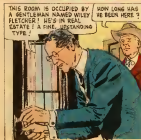
WELL, RECKON
I FORGOT
ABOUT HIM!



DO ALL THE ROOMS ON
THIS SIDE HAVE A CLEAR
VIEW OF THE ALLEY,
AMOS?

YES! MATTER
OF FACT THEY
DO!







HE'S USUALLY BACK
AROUND FOUR O'CLOCK,
THOUGH! YOU CAN
PROBABLY CATCH
HIM THEN!

THANKS, ANDRE ...
BUT I WASN'T
PLANNING ON
CATCHIN' HIM.
JUST YET! I NEED
PROOF!



A BIT LATER ...

HOW DO YOU FIGURE
TO GET ANDRE PROOF
ON THIS GENT, CLAY?

TELL THE TRUTH,
RIGHT NOW I
HAVEN'T THE
VAGUEST IDEA!
BUT I'M
THINKING!



DID THE NAME WILEY
FLETCHER MEAN ANY-
THING TO YOU,
HARRIS?

NOT A THING! BUT
THEN, IT COULD BE
A FAKE!



JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING!
I THINK I'LL SEND A TELEGRAM
TO DENVER! MAYBE I CAN GET
A LINE ON HIM!

GOOD
LUCK!



MEANWHILE, AT A SMALL SHACK SOME
DISTANCE OUT OF TOWN...

YOUR FRIEND, YALE
WADE, FAILED IN HIS
MISSION LAST NIGHT!

WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE IS HE?



UNFORTUNATELY, WE MET
WITH AN ACCIDENT! SOME-
ONE SHOT HIM! BUT I
STILL WANT THE JOB DONE
...AND I'M WILLING TO UP
THE ANTE! ARE YOU
INTERESTED?

AFTER YOU
ANSWER A
QUESTION,
MAYBE I AM!
YOU KILLED
WADE, DIDN'T
YOU?



DOES IT MATTER?
THE SIMPLE FACT IS
THAT HE'S DEAD!

YOU KNOW ANOTHER
FACT, MISTER... I
THINK YOU'RE LOCO!
YOU'RE ADDLED WITH
HATE FOR THE MAN YOU
WANT KILLED! I THINK—



ON ONE CONDITION
...THAT YOU GIVE
ME THE MONEY
BEFORE I DO IT!

BEFORE? BUT WHAT
GUARANTEE DO I HAVE
THAT YOU WOULDN'T JUST
TAKE THE MONEY AND
RUN OUT ON ME?



YOU KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT
I MEAN! I DON'T
POUSE TO END
UP LIKE MADE!

ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN! COME
INTO TOWN TONIGHT! I'M
IN ROOM 104 AT THE
TOWNSTONE HOTEL! I'LL
HAVE THE MONEY
FOR YOU THEN!



I DON'T CARE WHAT
YOU THINK! I'LL
BOOGEY THE FEE!
DO YOU WANT THE
JOB OR NOT?



IN MY BUSINESS, A MAN'S GOT TO PROTECT
HIS REPUTATION... AND
IN THIS CASE, MY LIFE!

I... DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU MEAN...?



ROOM 104, TOWNSTONE
HOTEL! I'LL BE THERE! YOU
BE SURE AND HAVE THE
MONEY!

DON'T WORRY,
I WILL!



LATER, BACK IN TOMBSTONE...

GET AN
ANSWER?

SURE DID! WILEY FLETCHER'S
NEVER BEEN HEARD OF IN DENVER!



WHICH MEANS I'M PRETTY SURE NOW
THAT FLETCHER IS OUR MAN...AND THAT
HE'S GOIN' TO
TRY AGAIN TO
HAVE ONE OF
US KILLED!

AH, THAT LITTLE ITEM!
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN
WE STILL DON'T KNOW
WHICH ONE?



NO...BUT I'M WILLING TO
TAKE A GAMBLE IF YOU ARE!

MEANING
WHAT?



MEANING THAT WE CAN
SET A TRAP...WITH BOTH
OF US AS BAIT! ARE
YOU GAME?

IT SEEMS I HAVE
NO CHOICE, MY
FRIEND! KEEP
TALKING...



IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE!
ALL WE DO IS...



THAT NIGHT, AS MOST OF TOMBSTONE SLEEPS...

LOOKS LIKE QUITE A FEW
FOLKS ARE WORKIN' LATE!



BUT ON A ROOFTOP OVERLOOKING ALLEN STREET.

HE'S PASSING THE SPITAPH
RIGHT BY, CLAY... LOOKS LIKE
YOU'RE THE LUCKY TARGET!

WHEN I PINNED ON THE
DODGE, I KNEW THERE'D
BE NIGHTS LIKE THIS!



LET'S GET DOWN WHERE
WE CAN MOVE FAST!

YESSIR,
SHERIFF!



SEEMS ALMOST A
SHAME TO BE TAKIN'
MONEY FOR SOME-
THIN' THIS EASY!



THE GUNMAN TAKES CAREFUL AIM AND FIRES, BUT THEN...

HOLD IT, MYSTER!

DROP THE GUN!

WHA—???





YOU WANT TO ADMIT WHO
HIRED YOU, OR SHALL WE
JUST GO OVER AND SEE
WILEY FLETCHER?



WILEY FLETCHER? I
NEVER HEARD THAT
NAME!

THEN LET'S GO OVER
TO THE TOWNSTONE
HOTEL AND WE'LL
INTRODUCE YOU!



SO HELP ME! THE
MAN WHO HIRED ME
IS NAMED DONNER!
ED DONNER!

ED DONNER! THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! HE WAS
EXECUTED FOR MURDER
SIX MONTHS AGO! I
BROUGHT HIM IN
MYSELF!



THAT WAS THE KID! I'M
TALKIN' ABOUT THE OLD
MAN! HE'S THE ONE
WHO HIRED ME!

LOOKS LIKE YOU
WERE RIGHT ABOUT
THE PHONY NAME,
CLAY!



DON'T TAKE ME TO HIM,
PLEASE! HE'S LOOO! WE'LL
KILL ME! LIKE HE DID
WADE!

HE WON'T BE
KILLING
ANYONE,
MASTER!

MOMENTS LATER...

DON'T MOVE, DORRER!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



SHERIFF... IS
EVERYTHING
UNDER
CONTROL?

SURE THING, AMOS... BUT
I'M NOT SURE IF YOUR GUEST
IS GOING TO LIKE THE
TREATMENT HE GOT!



BUT THEN, WHERE WE'RE GOING... I DON'T
THINK WE CAN DO YOUR BUSINESS ANY MORE!



A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

Tombstone Territory

THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH



Every tombstone has an epitaph, and Tombstone, Arizona's epitaph is a newspaper founded by John P. Clum May 1, 1880.



During its early years, the *Epitaph* had competition from the *Tombstone Nugget*, the *Evening Gazette*, the *Independent*, and the *Republican*, but it did not last. They either went under or merged with the *Epitaph*.



The headlines of its front page bore many names new famous and familiar to us: the Clantons, the McLowerys, Wyatt Earp and his brothers, Doc Holliday, and John Ringo.



From its pages, a long line of editors campaigned for the good of the mining town, each vowing not to be the one to write the epitaph: "Tombstone is Dead."



Fifty years after its founding, the *Epitaph* sponsored a program to attract tourists to the once riotous town. Today the big "Hell-corrido" festival is an annual attraction.



In a one-story building on Fifth Street, the *Tombstone Epitaph* still goes to press every Wednesday, reporting the news of a modern town but not forgetting the old.

Tombstone Territory

THE TOWN TOO TOUGH TO DIE!



Tombstone, Arizona, the toughest, wildest, most lawless mining town in the West, owed its beginning to Ed Schieffelin, a prospector who made a lucky strike in the hills east of the San Pedro River, in July, 1877.



Schieffelin believed there were rich ore deposits in the hills of southeastern Arizona. Those who heard his ideas laughed and warned him that the only thing he would ever find there would be his own tombstone.



But Ed had the last laugh when he found a vein of silver rich enough to make him a fortune. He called his discovery "Tombstone." News of his strike spread and soon the slopes were filled with hopeful miners.



Close behind the miners came gamblers, gunslingers, and bandits. A town sprang up—a rough, tough town. The miners, recalling the name of Schieffelin's first mine, voted as a body to call the place "Tombstone."



After a few years, water seeped into the mines, but Tombstone did not become just another deserted mining camp. Too many people loved it and stayed with it. Today it is a going community. And, as in the old wild days when it was filled with gunmen and gamblers, people still say that it is "the town too tough to die!"